

a (little / lot) in love

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/32054902) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/32054902>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	moon fics .:
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-06-21 Completed: 2021-06-27 Chapters: 2/2 Words: 14134

a (little / lot) in love

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

“You are a little in love with your best friend.”

George’s easy laughter almost immediately follows as Dream reads aloud the quiz’s answer description, trying to contain his own, somewhat hysterical chuckling as he does so. He doesn’t know why he had thought that taking an *Are you in love with your best friend?* quiz, live, in front of thousands of people, was a good idea.

Dream is insane. Dream is an *idiot*.

(Dream accidentally realizes he's in love in front of his best friend and eleven thousand people, and tries to ignore the crisis he was currently having. It doesn't work.)

a little

Chapter Notes

disclaimer: if anyone in this fic expresses any discomfort to being in it, i will gladly delete this and also myself
>[if u would like to listen to the playlist](#)
happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You are a little in love with your best friend.”

George’s easy laughter almost immediately follows as Dream reads aloud the quiz’s answer description, trying to contain his own, somewhat hysterical chuckling as he does so. He doesn’t know why he had thought that taking an *Are you in love with your best friend?* quiz, live, in front of thousands of people, was a good idea.

Dream is insane. Dream is an *idiot*.

“You don’t want to *ruin* it, Dream,” George’s mumbled answer floats into his ears, and Dream holds back a laugh as he scrolls down to look at his results.

Thirty-one percent a little in love.

Thirty-three percent totally in love.

Two percent not in love at all.

“There’s a two percent chance there,” Dream points out, and he doesn’t know who he’s trying to convince. There’s some sort of mental breakdown going on behind his eyes, and he is trying very hard to pretend he is completely okay, for the sake of the podcast and the little bit of dignity he has left. He wonders if it’s working. “Now we know.”

“Well,” George responds, the rest of whatever he was going to say being swept away by a yawn. Dream has half a mind to ask what he was going to say, but he doesn’t, resulting in an abrupt stop in conversation. A silence follows when neither of them say anything more, and it’s a little stuffy and tense, like a lot of their on-stream silences are, and yet neither know quite what to do to break it.

“Alright,” Dream begins when the silence begins to suffocate him, quick to move on, “what other tests are there?”

There’s another few minutes of futile quiz searching before Dream feels all motive to keep chatting slowly slip away from him, until he lets out a sigh and begins looking for someone to unofficially raid. George isn’t the most talkative for the rest of the call, offering spineless commentary as they pretend to be sensible people in front of over ten thousand people.

It’s both the quickest and longest five minutes as they - or rather, Dream, desperately attempts to figure out what to say as he gathers everyone listening to raid someone, with George pestering him if he was really going to leave like that.

He can tell he leaves in a hurried exit, accidentally leaving George to fend for himself in front of all their listeners, and he'd feel a little bad, but he doesn't. An entire minute passes as George lingers on the stage, presumably saying goodbye, while Dream takes this time to get a hold of himself.

The shadow of what the last two hours had held haunts him, and despite what many of his viewers may think, Dream was very, very stupid.

Thankfully, the sound of George calling him interrupts his internal spiel of how much of a disaster he is. When they both connect onto the same call, it is suddenly so very apparent of it only being just the two of them. Dream ignores the weird weight that settles into his chest.

Dream chews on his lower lip, more out of habit than anything. They've pulled this sort of thing before; wobbling on the thin line and accidentally stepping over, before hastily returning to the line. It's nothing to be nervous over. Dream isn't nervous. He is calm. Very calm. The calmest.

"Why did you leave so quickly," is the first thing George says, accusatory but lighthearted all the same. "Where do you have to be?"

The weight on his chest lessens. "Nowhere," Dream chuckles, not completely lying when he says, "I was just getting tired."

"Right," George scoffs, but his smile is evident in his words.

A silence passes, and it's the same sort of one that's frequent in calls between them; a little tense, but not awkward enough to address. He's been noticing them a lot recently.

"So," George begins again, the munching of his food ceasing, "a little in love with me, huh?"

Dream should've expected this. "Oh my God," he groans, rubbing the side of his face while George's laughter fills his head. "Shut *up*, George."

"Mm, no, I don't think I will," he responds, in that tone of voice he does, jokingly pretentious, and Dream can't help the smile rising on his face.

"You're such an idiot." Dream's chair squeaks as he leans back, rolling his shoulders. The Discord podcast wasn't even a proper stream, yet he still feels the same sort of exhaustion that follows. He's tired, and yet he still asks, "Wanna play Bedwars?"

"I can't," George's voice, a little low, a little quiet, tells him, the crinkling of his McDonald's bag accompanying him as he says so. "Karl asked me to be on his stream later. Might nap for a bit before then."

"Yeah, okay. I might - go bother Sapnap or something. I don't know," he replies, clearing his throat, feeling a little more nervous than he did before.

"Okay." There's more shuffling, a few moments of silence, and then George says, "Bye."

Dream tastes blood on his lip. "Bye."

The chime of the call disconnecting follows, and Dream shuts off his computer, leaning back into his chair. The air in his bedroom still feels tense, oddly enough, and he's promptly hit with the remembering of the past two hours.

God.

God. Dream's an idiot. His head was completely empty. He doesn't know why he does this to himself.

How is he going to explain this one? It isn't as though he could blame it on pandering - he had talked through his entire thought process, explaining how *technically* it was a pretty stupid quiz and *to be fair* it wasn't the most representative of their dynamic, because *I'm not sure if the quiz is completely accurate*.

He groans, leaning forward to place his face in his hands. He can already see the trending page. It would be best for him to stay off Twitter, until the consequences of his actions blow over.

Dream apparently hates himself, however, as he pulls out his phone and opens the app. Unsurprisingly, *Dream and George* sit, number three on the trending page, and he knows a reasonable person would simply close out of the app and maybe never think about the past two hours ever again.

Dream has never been a reasonable person in his life, though, and instead scrolls through Twitter like his life depends on it.

His timeline looks as much as he would expect it to; tweets of simply multiple question marks, small quotes that he had said out of context, an occasional clip of him stumbling over his words to explain himself, etc. Most had noticed how oddly quiet George had gone, contrasting with his overeagerness to keep the silence away earlier in the call. Dream doesn't think about it any longer than he has to, for his own self-preservation.

There are more clips of moments earlier in the call than the actual quiz, with Dream's voice sounding more fond than he would like, and both George and him giggling like little kids. He finds himself unintentionally grinning at the memory, and forces his face to go slack, lest he look more insane than he already does, smiling at his phone in the dark, all alone like a lunatic.

His own body seems paralyzed every time another clip shows up of him taking the test, unable to move on as he rewatches himself making somewhat a fool of himself in front of thousands. As he continues through Twitter, the more clips he finds of him answering the quiz, and he begins to frown in retrospect. Less than an hour ago, and Dream already disagrees with what his past self is saying.

"Do you know each other's families," Dream's own voice echoes from his phone's speakers, tinny and a little off than his actual voice when he answers, *"no."*

Well, that wasn't - *completely* true. George has said hello to Dream's mother a few times, and Dream knows bits and pieces of George's own family. George has spent a couple hours with Drista, as well, the two of them patronizing Sapnap and Bad while they attempted to beat Minecraft. Dream's answer from less than twenty minutes ago was wrong.

The more he scrolls, the more he finds himself disagreeing with his own choices, embarrassed at the way he sounds so incredibly frantic to explain himself, and he can't explain the odd atmosphere when he hears himself read, *"Do you ever think about what it would be like to kiss your best friend?"*

The reluctant silence that follows makes Dream cringe.

"...No - no, okay, I'm just gonna put -"

"Why did that take you so long to answer," George comments, and Dream holds back the urge to

possibly set himself on fire.

He quickly moves on from the video, and sets his phone down. Sometimes he questions his own intelligence, because he has no idea what possessed him to take such a quiz. It wasn't as though many in chat had been requesting for the quiz, anyway, and it wasn't suggested alongside the other quizzes, he had to manually type in the words, *am I in love with my best friend* into the Google search bar, feeling something in him chip away when he did.

You're a little in love with your best friend, Dream had to confess in front of thousands of people. He winces at the memory.

He feels a little clogged, a bottle shaken and ready to burst, and he puts his phone away, standing up from his chair. He wants to - get out of his room, the air feeling full of static and tension that was not there a few hours ago. He can't stand to be alone right now, much less try to sleep.

It's half an hour past midnight when Dream ventures out of his room, bare feet padding against the cold hardwood floors as he walks over to Sapnap's door. He's probably playing Valorant at this hour, and would be open to some silent company from Dream.

He knocks.

There's muffled talking, and Dream almost wonders if he should leave, but the door swings open, revealing Sapnap in a hoodie and basketball shorts.

He raises his eyebrows, looking over the slight flush on Dream's face and his hair, a little wild from being tugged on. "Dude, you good?"

"Fantastic, thanks," Dream answers glumly, heaving a sigh as he follows the other into his bedroom. "What're you playing?" Dream would bet it was Valorant.

"Valorant." He was a genius.

Sapnap sits back into his chair, turning away from Dream, who sits a little away on the floor. He has stopped mentioning the fact that they had many chairs that Dream could bring in, accepting the fact that Dream was weird and likes sitting on the floor. "You done talking with George?"

"Yeah, he said he was gonna sleep for a bit." Dream watches as Sapnap enters another game with a random group of people. He doesn't know much about Valorant, simply for the fact that he didn't play much besides Minecraft, which was something Sapnap has ridiculed him for many times. He forgets how much of a sweaty gamer Sapnap actually is. "How long have you been playing?"

"Like, ten minutes," Sapnap responds, and yelps when he gets shot at. Some sort of music plays, sounding like the sort he would expect to hear in a yoga session, and it did not pair well with the sound of gunshots.

"What music is that?" Dream asks, raising an eyebrow when Sapnap gets shot by another player.

"Uh, some relaxing music playlist I found," Sapnap answers, readying up for another round. "To, like, relax me or something. I don't know."

Dream blinks as Sapnap loudly curses out a teammate. He does not look very relaxed.

They don't talk much while Sapnap plays and Dream watches, and the silence is nice, being accompanied by Sapnap's toxicity in game play and the clicking of his keyboard. He doesn't mind the lack of conversation; he hadn't really come in here for talking, anyway, only seeking to get out

of his room before he did something he regretted.

Like retake that stupid quiz.

He doesn't know why he's still thinking about it. It's just some online quiz, it knew nothing about him, so he doesn't know why it has such an impact on him.

A little in love, it had said. It had been *wrong*. Dream isn't in love with his best friend. He would know if he was. Probably. Assumedly.

Dream wasn't an idiot, alright, he would *know* if he suddenly wanted to kiss his best friend senseless, until both of them were out of breath, and he would know if he wanted to go on dates with George and hold him close and maybe call him his boyfriend.

He would *know*.

"Yeah, crazy how I slept with your mom," Sapnap's voice cuts through Dream's thoughts, completely out of context, and Dream heaves in a sigh, before he thinks.

Maybe he *wouldn't* know, though.

Dream is a little oblivious when it comes to himself; he isn't the most in-tune with his feelings, in all honesty, and was a little clueless with how he is with others. Dream hadn't even realized half of what he said to George could be seen as flirtatious until their viewers started pointing it out.

But something as major as love - that would be obvious, right? If the books he used to read as a kid and the movies he watches sometimes mean anything, then love should be something he would *know* he was feeling.

Dream would know if he was in love with George.

He would know.

Time passes by easily as Dream sits on Sapnap's floor, watching him win and sometimes lose and get a little toxic all the while. It's entertaining, but it's nearing two a.m., and he really wants to be alone all of a sudden.

He knows why he wants to be alone. His phone is calling to him, and so is that stupid quiz. It wouldn't be a good idea, but Dream is known as the idea man, not the good-idea man, because that would be a stupid name and also Dream is not known for exclusively good ideas.

His nerves are still on edge as he gets up.

"You're leaving?" Sapnap asks at the sound of his door creaking open, turning his chair. His eyes are wide awake. Too awake, for someone at two a.m., but no one in this household has a proper sleep schedule. Probably due to one-third of their trio being five hours ahead.

Dream nods. "Yeah, I'm getting a little tired," he lies.

"Alright, man." Sapnap turns back to his screen, not suspecting a thing. Dream was slick like that. "Goodnight."

"Goodnight." Dream shuts the door behind him, and hurries back to his bedroom.

It's a process as he slips back into the room, dark without the lights turned on or the glow of his computer screen, and he feels around for his phone on his desk, nearly dropping half his things before he finds it. His body feels weird, like he had energy bursting at the seams as he stretches, his spine cracking from the poor posture of being a Minecraft Youtuber for a living.

"Now we know," Dream had said some time ago, the words bouncing around his head as he all but collapsed into bed, hair flopping onto his face. Now he knows what? Because as far as Dream was currently concerned, he had more questions about himself than he had started with.

He rolls over onto his back to stare up at his ceiling for a while. He's never been the most existential, but tonight seemed like a great night to reevaluate his life. He should attempt to fall asleep, but he can already see it as a fruitless effort. His skin is buzzing, electricity running alongside the inner workings of his veins, and the amount of thoughts flying through his mind was incomprehensible.

It was often his thoughts became so muddled and quick to run across his head, when his conflicts were high and he didn't know what to do, but it wasn't commonly a result of something like this. Before, he could simply blame the things he does as pandering, joking with his best friend about being in love with him, but taking a test, unprompted, ending up with a result he couldn't joke about? He doesn't know what to do.

Now we know.

His fingers twitched, wanting to reach for his phone. Dream tries to resist.

His mind keeps running through the quiz all over again, retaking it mentally as he wonders what he would do differently without the looming presence of said best friend and thousands of people, listening to his desperate attempts to not sound incredibly smitten and failing.

Dream doesn't know why he had overexplained like he did, unnaturally flustered as he had tried to walk through his thought process for every answer. Even to himself, he had sounded a little ridiculous, trying to analyze the true meaning of every question and shape it where he didn't sound as in-love as he did when he says, *yes, I probably go out of my way to help you, more than anybody else.*

The oddly placed silences, hesitation in some answers, hurried responses to others, the quietness of George, who had occupied himself with doing something else while listening to Dream panic on the other end - it was too much to try and sleep.

A little in love, his results had told him.

It feels wrong, and he doesn't know why.

It keeps bugging at him, a thorn on his side for what feels like an eternity, until he lets in and reaches for his phone again. The time tells him 2:33 A.M., a little more than two hours and a half since he had hung up on George, and he feels a little out of it when he pulls up Google.

am I in love with my best friend

The link for the same quiz is the first thing on the page, the words blue instead of purple, like he'd never taken it at all. His hands feel a little tingly, acid pricking underneath the skin of his palms. It feels like giving up when he clicks the link.

The words are the same, they hit with the same sort of force when they appear on the screen, and Dream kind of wants to throw his phone into the Grand Canyon.

Do you ever catch yourself staring at your BFF? the screen reads, and he has no idea why he feels so called out.

Because here was the *thing*.

With the jobs they did have, spending hours together in front of thousands, with George's facecam on, it was a little difficult to not spend some time staring at him. Really, it was almost a given for Dream to get a little sidetracked - George was, obviously, attractive.

Obviously, so if he finds himself, more often than not, blinking back to the moment, having been distracted by the crinkling of George's eyes, and being hit with the end of a question, it wasn't that big of a deal. George was *George*, of course Dream would stare at him sometimes, even if he would rather not admit it so openly.

It was always embarrassing, having to ask for a repeat of whatever someone had said, and every time, Dream is a little terrified the chat knows what he had been sidetracked by - not because it really meant anything, but what it *could* mean, and, in the average of two hundred thousand people who occupied the count of people watching, a few of them had caught on. Nonetheless, it was always brushed off as some desperate shippers grasping for straws, and Dream would never give in the privilege of letting them know they were right.

He desperately tries to not think about what he was doing when he clicks, *once in a while*.

Immediately, Dream pauses, rethinking as it flickers to the next question, before he backtracks and restarts the quiz. He ignores the flush on his cheeks as he taps, *all the time*. There was no room for dignity anymore. He wonders if there ever was.

Are they the first person you call when something happens?

He presses *sometimes* without a second thought, because it's true. It was a balance between Sapnap and George on who he often goes to whenever something major happens, and even though Sapnap and Dream quite literally live together, George was still the one he went to more often.

The second question is easier to overcome, and he moves on to the third.

Do you try and make him or her happy?

Dream turns over and groans into his pillow. *Of course* he does, why wouldn't he? He likes seeing George smile.

It's nice if I can.

He doesn't know why these questions are so ridiculous.

Do you get jealous if he or she has a BF or GF?

Dream hates this stupid quiz.

He remembers the way George had giggled at the question, the obviousness of the answer glaring and clear. Still, Dream had bluffed his way to simply settling on *maybe a little*.

But that - *really* wasn't the truth. It was often he found something red and warm and unpleasant coil its way into his stomach, every time George had accidentally left Dream in the dust for something else. It was something they were both aware of, Dream's easy jealousy. It wasn't something he could hold back or hide.

The alt stream they had done a while ago flutters to mind; how Dream had been complaining every time George kept getting sidetracked by donations and chat, how he had tried to shut down the idea of Sapnap joining, some sort of irritation following when George had chosen to stay on Sapnap's team, when Callahan had eventually joined as well, when it was no longer just the two of them, minus the hundred thousand people.

There was also George's Love or Host. He considers it self-care when he decides that he'd rather not think about that.

Dream feels like he lost some sort of battle within him when he resignedly clicks *it's the worst*.

It's nearly three a.m. now, and George is definitely asleep. Sapnap had probably gone to bed, if the lack of shouting from his room was any indicator. There was no one here to judge him besides himself, yet he feels his last strand of self-respect slowly die when he keeps going.

Do you try and look nice when you know you're going to be together? the quiz asks, and Dream pauses, because their situation was odd. He has refused to FaceTime a multitude of times, mostly on the consensus that, if George was going to see Dream, it should be in real life.

Even so, there were many underlying excuses; he hadn't shaved yet, the shirt he's wearing isn't the most flattering, his hair doesn't look good, etc. The idea of George seeing him, not as his very best, whether it be for the first or one of many times, makes him feel a little nervous.

He wants to look good for George, but who wouldn't? It isn't unnatural to want to look good in front of one's best friend, even if he has no problem being seen at his worst in front of Sapnap.

It depends on the occasion, he eventually answers, and it feels like a cop-out.

Do you get butterflies if you touch? That's a dumb question.

You're just in a dumb situation, George had said.

I don't think so, Dream clicks, and doesn't think about accidentally brushing hands with George, the spurge of static overtaking his brain when he thinks about linking fingers and arms, being chest to chest and hugging. Keeping up their unserious promises of cuddling, sharing hoodies, kisses that Dream had joked about too many times.

He doesn't think about it.

Do you ever think about your future together?

Dream *does* think about it, but how could he not, with their futures being entirely entwined with each other, them as best friends, business partners, and everything else in between. It'd make sense, if, at the thought of his future, George always followed.

He doesn't think about the fact that Sapnap always comes much later, and instead answers, *all the time*.

Do you have dreams about them?

He's glad the quiz doesn't ask what the dreams contain.

Sometimes.

How do you feel when you hug this person?

He hasn't hugged George. Yet, at least. In a few months, he will have. His chest tightens at the thought, the ache of the concept bitter and unhinged.

Like I'm hugging my friend. He doesn't know how true that is. Maybe he would, in a few months.

Do you go out of your way to help this person?

More than anyone else I know, he answers easily, because it's true. He had doubted himself, a little, earlier, when he had clicked it, but now that he thinks about it, it's true. Dream, more often than not, leaps at the chance of somehow helping George, at the chance of gaining something in George's favor, to be seen as someone dependable and helpful.

Even if they were best friends, Dream still felt the need to impress. There was probably something to be said there, but it would be better if he simply moved on. He was not going to psychoanalyze that tonight.

What do you think when they laugh?

Dream replays George's laughter over in his head, he thinks about what made him laugh, if Dream can do something similar to hear it again, and again, and again, even if he makes himself out to be an idiot in the process.

His dignity is grateful for the fact that this is not an answer, and he instead clicks *it's great!*

Do you ever think about what it would be like to kiss your best friend?

This quiz was more than a little unfair, he decides. Lots of people think about kissing their best friend, right? And with who he is, being constantly shipped with George, it was a little bit of a given. He's joked about it several times on-stream, off-stream; they've joked about kissing on sight when they finally meet up. Of *course* he's thought about it.

Besides, George was attractive, a nicely shaped cupid's bow and pink cheeks. It'd be a little idiotic of him to not think about it at least once, twice. Thrice. A few more than a handful of times. George was pretty, Dream would be an idiot for not thinking about kissing him - breathless, chaste, passionate - a few times, right?

Even if he had thought about it, though, the thought of his earlier reaction makes him cringe. He can already hear his past self, who had been a little too slow to answer that, no, he had *not*, and even he can hear the lie in his voice - mostly because he *had*, but even in his foolishness, he knew it wouldn't be the best time to admit such a thing. He did hold some brain cells, contrary to popular belief.

At least a few times a day, he answers truthfully, and keeps going.

Does anyone ever ask if you're dating?

That was obvious. They had both laughed at the time. Dream does not feel like laughing right now.

All the time.

Do you feel the best when they're around?

Absolutely.

Do you feel like something is missing when they aren't around?

The house feels empty, a lot of the time, even if it holds home to two people. It was simply because, oftentimes, it didn't feel like they really lived together, in the sense that both Sapnap and Dream kept to themselves, and that wasn't a *bad* thing, really. That's just how it was, with two private people who liked their alone time, and if it sometimes had the house feeling a little lonely, so be it.

But with the idea of George finally living with them, the house would just feel fuller, he knows it. That's partly why he grows so warm at the thought, with the concept of George being just a knock away, easy to call over and easy to be with.

That is, he convinces himself, the only reason he clicks *I feel empty*. Because the house does. Not him.

Can you finish each other's sentences, the words read, and Dream hesitates, because they most certainly have, if he searches on YouTube there would probably be a compilation, but all of it had been without thinking.

Really, what did they *mean* by 'without thinking'? Because Dream doesn't try to finish George's sentences, and vice-versa, so both the answers 'we have' and 'without even thinking' fit. The mention of 'we have' implies the idea of there being an effort, while 'without even thinking' says its effortless. The creator of this quiz was contradicting themselves, because Dream and George *did* finish each other's sentences without thinking, but -

This quiz was terrible.

He clicks on *without even thinking*.

Do you know each other's families?

Some of them.

Are you constantly texting?

He groans. *All day, every day.*

It's not as though they couldn't - they have no other means of communication, considering they were still in the process of bringing George from *there* to *here*. Most of their job was on the internet as well, and texting is simply a necessity in their relationship.

Do you want to spend all of your time with your BFF?

In all honesty, he already did. Over ten-hour calls proved just that, and with their jobs being entangled with each other, both of them counting on living together, it was a little inevitable to not spend all of their time together, even if Dream *lives* with Sapnap, and spends less time with him than George.

It was just - different with George. Everything is different with George. He doesn't know why.

Every waking minute.

Do you find a reason to touch them?

They've never been in the same room together, much less touch each other. That was subject to change, in a while.

No.

He's on the twenty-first question when the quiz asks, *Does the thought of this person give you butterflies?*

Short answer, yes.

Long answer, also yes.

The question was unfair, though, because surely everyone get a little warm at the thought of their best friend. It wasn't as if it was his fault, the moths and canaries that begin to take over his chest when he sees the color blue white clout goggles, the Nutella brand, and chess. It was simply something that was inevitable, being friends with someone like George.

When you need a date for an event, who do you take?

My BFF if I can't find anyone else.

How often do you think about them?

Daily.

Do you compare this person to others you've dated?

Dream lets out a deep sigh, before tapping *once in a while*. He can feel the universe laughing at his misery. The universe was horrible. He hates the universe.

Would you drop your plans to hang out with your BFF?

He's already done it several times, enough so that Sapnap has reprimanded him for it. He's missed lore and dipped in planned streams because George had sent him a text asking if he was free.

And that's because he *was* free, if George asks. *Depends on what sounds more fun*, the answer says. Anything sounds more fun with George. Once again, this quiz was definitely lacking. They had failed to consider his best friend being George.

In a heartbeat.

Can you feel what they are feeling?

That was something Dream prided himself on. George was a difficult person to read, because, no matter what many of their viewers might assume, George was a good actor. He had a well-placed, neutral face in times of conflict, and had carefully shown apathy whenever his opinion was asked for. When it comes to reading George, many were illiterate.

Dream, however. Dream knew what George was feeling, and often. It was simply something that was given, being friends with each other for so long, and really, doesn't everyone kind of feel what their best friend is feeling?

Sometimes.

This quiz was definitely one of the worst ones he's ever taken. The BuzzFeed ones he had taken with George a little while ago were better than this.

Can you tell them everything?

Absolutely.

Do you think your best friend is in love with you?

Not sure.

The air in his lungs dissipates when Dream reads, *Do you think you're in love with your best friend?*

He had answered no, earlier, in the company of their viewers and George, but now, in the quiet darkness of him and no one else, his hands shook a little, with his phone clutched between his fingers.

He didn't - *think* he was in love with George, but it wouldn't be a surprise if he was, right? The quiz earlier had said he already was, just a little, so he was in love, at least *some*, right? If it did come out with him being more than a little in love, Dream would be prepared, and it wouldn't be that big of a deal, with many people being just a little in love with their best friend, right? It was just some stupid quiz that didn't mean much, and if he was in love, it wouldn't be a big deal.

Right?

Do you think you're in love with your best friend?

I really have no idea.

His result loads.

He hates this fucking quiz.

On your way to being in love with your best friend.

He hates himself for taking this stupid thing.

If you aren't head-over-heels in love with your best friend right now, you're on the fast track to being that way.

He hates his viewers for suggesting this dumb test.

Everything points in the direction that this is much more than a friendship, and it's up to you to decide what you want to do about it.

And he hates George for being so easy to fall in love with.

Dream doesn't know why he retook it. Did he think his results would suddenly change, instead say *no, you aren't in love, stop thinking about it*? He doesn't even know if a change in results would do anything for him, because it's never done anything for him in the past, with *Are you gay?* quizzes from when he was twelve, to *Are you in love with your best friend?* quizzes at twenty-one.

Dream is on his way to being in love with George.

If he were to be entirely honest, he's probably already there.

His heart seems to unravel at the thought, and his skin is tingly where he lays in the dark. He places his phone away, hands clumsy when he keeps missing the charging port. Twisting his body to face the ceiling, he lets himself actually *think*.

Is he in love with George? He might be. The quiz certainly seems to think so.

But that's all it was - a quiz. Nothing more, nothing less, it couldn't offer any ideas as to what he does now, with this new knowledge and a weird storm in his chest at the thought of talking to George tomorrow. What was there to really say? The quiz says he's in love with George. His heart seems to say the same.

It feels too much, however, too heavy on his tongue to say the words properly, even if him falling in love seemed a little too inevitable this entire time, with jokes always going a little too far, the strange sense of tension between their silences, and he doesn't even know what to imagine when he thinks about George moving in with them soon.

On your way to being in love with your best friend.

Dream might already be there.

Chapter End Notes

ok i know this was predictable and i should probably work on my other wip but . let me have this pls :D
i wanted to write this asap !!!!!!! so if u spot any mistakes pls lmk :)!! and maybe also kindly look away at the same time haha but im still a little nervous abt posting this :[
ihope u liked it !
as always, feel free to comment, kudos, and u can see me [here](#)!

a lot

Chapter Summary

“Well, I don’t know.” He continues making his way through his eggs.
Sapnap makes an inquiring noise. “Then what *do* you know?”
Dream is quick to respond, “I know what it’s like to sleep with your mother.”
It’s childish and immature and not the funniest thing he’s said, but George laughs right next to him, and maybe that’s all that ever really mattered.

Chapter Notes

ok so . this came out much later than anticipated and for that i sincerely apologize D:
still, i hope this keeps up with any expectations, and thank u so so much for all the support on the first chapter :) i appreciate it all so dearly
>[if u would like to listen to the playlist](#)
happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The airport is cold when they arrive.

Sapnap stands next to him, buzzing with warmth, but neither Dream nor Sapnap have ever been touchy enough to properly stand any closer and share any warmth. Through the cloth of Sapnap’s hoodie and Dream’s sweatshirt, an arm of warmth is all they’ve got connected.

Dream vaguely regrets foregoing his jacket, left on the arm of a couch, a last minute decision that had come back to bite him, the price he has to pay for trying to look good. He doesn’t dwell on it any longer, however, nerves taking up all his attention.

He can’t stop fiddling with his hands, with the temptation to run through his hair - which he had spent carefully styling much longer than any person should have - barely restrained, and some part of him is almost tempted to go back to his nail-biting habits. He digresses, though, and instead resolves to mess with the woven bracelet on his right wrist.

Sapnap gives him a look. “Dude, you look like you’re about to vomit.” Dream swallows down the rock that is suddenly inhabiting his throat. “It’s just George. We’ve both pissed on call with him. It’s okay.”

Dream cringes. “Why would you mention that *now*,” he complains, but appreciates it either way. It does help to calm him down, because Sapnap’s right - it’s just *George*, a computer nerd who’s built like a stick and has spent more than ten hours on a call with him. It’ll be fine. It’s fine. Dream is fine.

Dream is not fine.

“He was supposed to land twenty minutes ago,” he mutters, chewing on his lip, “what if his plane

crashed, and we're just waiting here like idiots? He could be dying out in the ocean right now and we wouldn't even know." Dream would like to know if that was the case, just to try and save him before he drowned. It's too close for them not to meet, not even for a few moments.

"If his plane crashed," Sapnap begins, used to Dream's antics, "it would be on the news and everybody here would be freaking out, Dream." He says this like it's obvious - which, it is, but still.

Dream ignores all of this. "What if he, like, fucking *died*?" He turns to Sapnap, eyes wide and sincere, and Sapnap gives him a long, long look.

"George didn't fucking *die* you -"

A voice interrupts them.

"Hello?"

They both turn, and immediately freeze.

When Sapnap had driven all the way to Florida, ending up on Dream's doorstep at nearly two a.m. on a Monday, a slushie in one hand and one of many suitcases in the other, they didn't do much other than a tentative half-hug, before dragging in all of Sapnap's things into the house and eating dinner around the T.V. They'd spent the night eating dinner made at home, and talked of football and streaming set-ups and which room was Sapnap's.

Both of them were just all bark no bite in their talk of cuddling and kissing once they met, because at the chance, both of them had stood there awkwardly until Dream cracked and said, "*Dude, it's two a.m.*"

When Sapnap and Dream both simultaneously turn at once, George stands right behind them, looking mildly nervous with a duffel bag in his hand and dressed too warm for Florida, and both of them don't hesitate to immediately exclaim, "*George!*"

George mocks surprise when they both turn to him, opening his arms for Sapnap to lean in first. "Hello."

The first thing Dream notices is that George looks even better in person, the camera never quite doing justice to the multiple imperfections and angles of a person, and even more so to George, where the small freckles on his skin are so much more noticeable, his eyebrow scar more prominent, and the chewed skin of his lower lip a little redder.

Dream, unfortunately, cannot hide behind a screen right now, and instead has to deal with the embarrassment of staring at his best friend with no cover, hoping to whoever is out there that he isn't blushing right now.

He wonders if it's meant to be more dramatic, with them running from across the airport and into each other's arms, meeting in the middle with Sapnap a few steps away. He wonders if it's meant to be like the movies, where they twirl into a kiss and Sapnap takes a picture that they'd put into their to-be-made scrapbook, and think about forever.

Instead, their meet-up is George initiating his and Sapnap's first hug, looking slightly unreal when they both hold on to each other for a few moments. Dream is slightly tempted to reach out, just in case this was some cruel dream. It wouldn't be the first time.

"*Gogy*," Sapnap emphasizes when they depart. "You're so much British-er in person."

George makes a face, nose wrinkling, and that one song Wilbur had sang plays in the back of Dream's mind. "What does that even mean?"

"*'What does that even mean'?*" Sapnap imitates in an exaggerated, badly-expressed British accent. George huffs an exasperated laugh, and turns to Dream, who had been silent the entire time, a small smile on his lips that he hadn't noticed.

"Dream," he acknowledges, eyes raking over him, and Dream had been - is still nervous, thinking about how this is the first time George now has a face to attribute to his voice. He hopes to God he isn't disappointed.

"Hello," Dream greets, albeit belatedly, a lot awkward and a lot nervous. His fingers are still fiddling with the bracelet.

"Hi." George raises an eyebrow. A beat of silence passes as they both stare at each other, and the airport continues moving forward without them.

It feels less tense than he had expected, yet the moths and swarms of bees that romance books talk about take place in Dream's stomach, so he brings on the same confidence he has always had in front of thousands of people on a screen, and says, "Is this where we kiss?"

George scoffs, and pushes his arm against Dream's. The motion is solid, surprisingly, real in its force, and George is real, and -

Dream feels like he can breathe again.

It's less than a week later when it suddenly hits him.

"Why do you keep your maple syrup in the fridge?" George asks on a Sunday, his things slowly being packed into his closet, and dressed in a slightly-wrinkled white t-shirt.

He still looks like a figment of Dream's imagination, plucked out of pixels and into his shared kitchen with Sapnap. Even so, George is very much real when he uncaps the syrup bottle, making a face when the leftover syrup gets on his fingers and he moves to wash the sweet stickiness off.

His hands are gentle when they dry themselves with a paper towel, throwing it into the trash. His hand raises to push his hair out of his eyes. When he looks down at his plate, side profile on view, he looks like he belongs in an art museum, a marble statue in motion as he carefully pours syrup on his pancakes.

Dream can't stop staring at him.

Really, Dream can't help it if his eyes keep going to George when they had watched *The Social Network* together as a trio on the first night of George's stay, or when they had made lunch the next day and George had spilled fruit juice on himself. If Dream catches himself staring when he had offered to help unpack, or watch the other when giving him a formal tour of the house, it was simply out of curiosity to get used to the way the other was like in real life.

He blames it on the newness of living with someone he's never spent a second with in-person before, even if he hadn't done the same with Sapnap, and if his hands itch to reach out and touch too, it was nobody's business but his own - especially now, when George shuffles to sit in the chair next to Dream, one away from Sapnap's, where he sits at the end of the table and faces Dream.

That's where they've always sat. George fits in naturally.

"Do you not," Sapnap says with his mouth full, because he was disgusting like that, "keep your syrup in the fridge?"

George shoves a piece of his American pancake - he specifies, because they were completely different to the crepes that George *insists* are pancakes - into his mouth. He chews, shaking his head. He, thankfully, decides to be polite and finish his chewing before speaking, which Dream is thankful for. He doesn't know if he could tolerate two people with Sapnap's table manners.

"Why would I? It doesn't even do anything."

"I feel like it does *something*," Sapnap ponders, and Dream pauses when both of them turn to look at him.

He places his fork down. "What?"

George shrugs. "You usually know stuff about this."

Dream makes a face, a thin line between his eyebrows. "Why would I know anything about the benefits of refrigerating maple syrup?"

"You knew the difference in the components of a crepe and a pancake," Sapnap points out. "Why wouldn't you know about this?"

"This is true," George agrees, and maybe living together was a mistake, Dream wonders.

"Well, I don't know." He continues making his way through his eggs, because he's a health freak. Sapnap doesn't let him live it down. It's somewhat deserved, but in his defense, eggs are *good*.

Sapnap makes an inquiring noise. "Then what *do* you know?"

Dream is quick to respond, "I know what it's like to sleep with your mother."

It's childish and immature and not the funniest thing he's said, but George laughs right next to him, and maybe that's all that ever really mattered.

His eyes are a little slow to look away from George's smile, the way his eyes scrunch upward and his cheeks are a little pink like they always are on camera, how his teeth bite down on his lower lip when he tries to stop smiling, and Dream drags his gaze down to his plate of eggs.

He stabs a piece of yolk onto his fork, and it makes its way to his mouth when he is suddenly reminded -

Do you ever catch yourself staring at your BFF?

Jesus fucking Christ.

His fork lands on his plate with a clatter, and both Sapnap and George pause in their conversation to turn to him. Sapnap has a swipe of maple syrup on his cheek. At any other time, Dream would point it out.

"You good, dude?" He asks, swallowing a glob of pancake.

Dream nods, mouth suddenly dry. "Yeah, I'm fine." They keep staring, and he excuses, "My motor skills are a little out of it today, is all. You know how it is."

Neither George nor Sappap seem to know how it is, but after a long stare, they go back to their previous conversation, thankfully.

“Literally *nothing* beats the original, George, you gotta admit that.”

“That’s definitely not true.”

God, Dream should’ve *known* that stupid quiz would come back to haunt him, but during a Sunday morning breakfast was not the most ideal time to receive flashbacks about that shameful night - and even worse when the object of the quiz’s subject was sitting a seat away from him, instead of a few thousand miles away, and that was not to mention the actual result of the quiz as well.

“The second movie literally has better ratings.”

“That doesn’t *mean* anything.”

On your way to being in love with your best friend.

He doesn’t even know what to do with the new information he’s been handed; some part of him wishes he could reverse time, moments before he decided to click the link to that quiz and instead take some other, equally stupid quiz about which type of pudding he was.

But *no*, he had to be a raging dumbass and find out he was not only a little in love, but on his way to becoming entirely in love. He doesn’t know what to do when he can’t even ignore the way he acts now, with him constantly looking over to George and the weird feeling he gets in his chest when they’re less than three feet away from each other. Maybe if he hadn’t taken it, he could excuse his odd behavior with something else, *anything else*.

“It had *Simon Cowell* in it.”

“Yeah, in the *extras*! No one watches the extras.”

But such love revelations weren’t something he could reverse.

“*I* watched the extras.”

“That’s because you’re a dumbass.”

He can’t even hide behind a screen like he did before, putting on a faux bravado over iMessage texts and Discord calls. Now he had to deal with the consequences in real time, because there sat George, in a crumpled white t-shirt and looking unfairly good, and Dream from before can think of eight hundred compliments that threaten to spill out of his mouth, but Dream right now can’t do anything besides think about how *good* George looks in white.

"What do you think, Dream?"

Dream is abruptly interrupted in his thoughts. "Huh?"

George has an expectant look on his face when Dream turns to him, the other two occupants of the dinner table entirely emerged into whatever conversation - or argument, they were having.

"The second Shrek movie was definitely better than the first one, right?" George nods, and Dream finds himself nodding along without a second thought.

“I mean, I guess,” he shrugs, never having been that invested in the franchise, and raises his eyebrows when Sappap loudly protests.

"Of course he's gonna fucking say yes, dude. You could say the sky is green and he'd agree," he groans.

Dream throws a crumpled up napkin his way. "That's not true." It was true.

George shrugs. "You're just mad because you're outnumbered. Face the truth, Sappitus."

"Face this *dick*," Sappnap replies, and the quiz is promptly forgotten when Dream almost chokes on his meal.

It's later that month that Dream finds himself smiling when he passes a hallway mirror, and forces it away, lest he look like a maniac, smiling all the time. It's just that, with the entire Dream Team now *together*, the house was less empty, and it's - nice. Different.

Living with George is different.

Dissimilar to living with Sappnap, at least; Sappnap had quietly made himself home, leaving small reminders that there was actually someone else living with Dream. It was only later that either really visited each other in their rooms, polite to text the other beforehand, until ceasing and resolving to knock like normal people. Even after the slow progression of moving from only seeing each other for dinner to more, they were simply living separately in the same space.

George, however, did not seem very content with that.

Against Dream's expectations, George is the first to insist on having dinner together the second day George is living with them, and takes no care in whether or not he was inconveniencing Dream or Sappnap when walking into their rooms and demanding company.

It was even more that he actually insisted on *living* together - movie nights on Fridays, actually using the living room to spend time together, and last week had been the first time Dream had played a board game with both Sappnap and George, after George had found an entire tower of them in the storage closet down the hallway, going on to play multiple games in one night.

("Draw four," George says, placing down a card while Sappnap stares at him, eleven cards in hand.

"I'm not drawing fucking four."

"Draw four, Sappnap," Dream sighs, looking up with five cards in hand. George was winning with three. He doesn't really mind.

Sappnap clicks his mouth. "No, I don't think I will."

"Draw four," George begins, "or I'm tweeting that you use three-in-one shampoo."

Sappnap draws four.)

Outside of these personal, domestic bits, George living with them would most definitely change their streaming dynamic as well. This was already apparent when Sappnap had decided to stream Valorant last night, where Dream had, as usual, wandered into his room, offering commentary here and there.

It was not long before George joined him on the floor, complaining about how cold the hardwood floor was and asking why Dream didn't just bring over a chair, Sappnap agreeing easily. It was kind

of funny how quickly *George*, *SAME ROOM*, and *hardwood floor* had begun to trend. He feels a little sorry for the Twitter description person.

Besides these changes, however, Dream was going through his own changes, which - sounds a little bit like he was just beginning to go through puberty. He was not. He is twenty-one and grown.

These *changes*, really, weren't changes at all, but just a sudden emphasis on the things Dream had been wanting to do all along.

- Dream first really notices when they go grocery shopping as a trio for the first time, George overly excited to see what American stores were like, and Sapnap eager to use up Dream's entire bank account.

The *Publix* they occupy isn't all that busy, seeing as it was a random Wednesday morning, and it was something all three of them were glad for. It made for them quickly running through the different aisles without accidentally driving someone over with their shopping cart, different dish soap brands flying behind them as George dragged Sapnap and the shopping cart, and, as an extension, Dream behind him, one in each hand. George was more excitable in person than Dream had ever anticipated.

They're in the cereal aisle, Sapnap abruptly pausing them to stand in front of rows of *Fruit Loops*, the toucan staring at Dream creepily.

"George, no one knows what in the hell a Weetabix is," Sapnap mutters, leaning over to grab a box of Frosted Flakes.

George gestures aimlessly. "It's, like, a cereal."

"That helps so much," Sapnap responds dryly, dropping the cereal box into the shopping cart. "Dream, are you sticking with your boring ass corn flakes?"

"They're not *boring*," Dream protests, before conspicuously grabbing a box of Kellogg's corn flakes. "They're a good meal in the morning."

They keep walking, George and Sapnap keeping a light banter while Dream pushes the shopping cart in front of him at a slow pace, not quite in the mood to run any longer. The air is pleasant, with the sound of the squeaking wheels and the three of them debating which chip brand was the best, while George mentions a few British brands that no one has heard of ever.

When they walk out into the parking lot, the shopping cart rattling against the gravel, they're halfway to the car when Sapnap pauses and remembers, "Oh my God, I forgot to get celery."

Dream snorts. "You go get it. You're the only one who eats that stuff."

"George," Sapnap pleads, turning to the man in question, "come with me?"

"My legs hurt," George says, face straight as he keeps walking. Dream cracks a grin, and turns to Sapnap, who groans.

"You both suck. Don't drive off without me or something." He jogs back to the store, not looking behind him as he hurries past the sliding doors.

"I think we should drive off without him," George suggests when they approach the car, placing the groceries into the trunk. "Then I could have his speakers."

"You're literally a millionaire, George." Dream shuts the trunk, and George takes the shopping cart into his hands. "Just get them yourself."

"It's not the same," George sighs, and Dream watches as he walks away with the cart, pushing it into the cart corral. George's hair has grown much longer, big in volume, and he looks soft like he usually does, in a large shirt and sweatpants. He looks comfortable. He looks like home.

He pushes away the cart like it weighs more than his whole body weight, upper torso leaning forward, and Dream raises an eyebrow when George turns to face him, hurrying to walk back. It's slightly unreal, how natural he looks in the sunlight, like Dream hasn't spent the past few years staring at him through a screen. It's ironic, too, with so many fantasies and ideas of what they'd do when George finally came home, when they haven't done much at all.

Maybe it could be seen as a little reasonable when all Dream had been hoping for, over screens and voice calls, was to simply be *close* to George; he could never wrap his mind around the miles of ocean between them, but just that George was too far to tuck under his chin and hold.

For it to suddenly be overwhelming, the idea of George finally being *here*, and Dream trying to hold down the urge to hug him or something equally ridiculous, might be expected, but Dream still couldn't have seen it coming.

Dream's always been a little impulsive, though.

"What?" George asks when he's finally close enough, barely a second before Dream hugs him.

It's their first hug, in the middle of a Publix parking lot, which - isn't the most ideal, but Dream wouldn't have it any other way, with how George feels in his arms, real and solid and warm. He smells vaguely of laundry and the candle that Dream had gotten him a while ago, so much like home, and there's an entire storm that comes alive in Dream.

George, despite being unexpected, returns the hug easily, welcome to touch and physical affection, and Dream melts into him. His arms are firm around Dream's middle, certain in holding him, and Dream knows his memories won't be able to remember the warmth that comes with it.

How do you feel when you hug this person? that stupid quiz had asked him so many weeks ago, fluttering to thought. He hates how it comes to mind.

Warm, he answers immediately, albeit a little involuntarily, a little too truthfully. *Warm. I don't want to let go.*

He lets go.

"What?" George says again, looking more bewildered than before. "What was that for?"

Maybe Dream hadn't messed up with his impulsiveness, with the smile on George's lips and slight flush on his cheeks from hurrying back from the cart corral. He looks - kissable, like he'd turn even redder and maybe hold onto Dream like he did when they hugged, the kiss maybe just as warm and tasteful of the sun.

Do you ever think about what it would be like to kiss your best friend?

Dream immediately throws that thought away. "I don't know. I just remembered I never hugged

you at the airport."

"Oh," he replies, raising a hand to swipe away his hair. It falls over his right eye, charming in its slight unorganization. Dream wants to fix it for him, and he curls his fingers into his palm.

When both of them fall silent, it is not unlike their silences during their calls, the air thick with a tension both used to be blind to, but now it nearly suffocates Dream, wrapping him in a chokehold while he tries not looking at George. It doesn't go as successfully as he hopes, his eyes skirting to the other every few moments while they get into the car.

He sits in the driver's seat. George sits in the passenger. Dream really wants to hold his hand.

Almost like he can tell, George raises an eyebrow when he looks over at Dream, before opening his hand, inviting when it's in the space between them. It's silent when Dream slots his fingers between George's, palm against palm, and Dream's entire body feels like it's aflame. The car is stiflingly warm from bathing in the Florida sun, and it doesn't help Dream's situation at all.

Thankfully, Sapnap arrives no less than three minutes later, looking relieved as he tosses his bag of celery into the trunk and slides into the back. "Dude, there was, like, a shortage of celery today or something. I had to fucking fight this lady for the last stock of it."

Dream startles at the sound, disappointingly letting go when he turns the car on.

"I can't believe Sapnap threw hands with a grandma for some celery," George says, leaning over to grab the aux. He doesn't say anything about the exchange when Travis Scott begins to play.

"Damn right I did," Sapnap huffs, leaning back into his seat. "And I *won*."

After that, it's like Dream can't stop looking for reasons to touch George.

Not in a *weird* way, obviously, but in the fashion of linking fingers, linking arms, hugging him in the middle of the hallway and leaning into him during their movie nights. Maybe it was a tad embarrassing for him to forgo the entire sofa to sit right up against George, tangle their legs together whenever the chance is there, and hope to God no one calls him out on it. Sapnap, graciously, ignores it all.

George, of course, has done nothing but encourage it, a content smile every time he returns the hug or wraps an arm around Dream. That's to be expected, with him being just as, if not more touchy than Dream, not one for words but instead light touches and quick, common embraces.

"Dream," George calls when he spots him, Sapnap on the couch across from him and rapidly making his way through a bag of popcorn. It's nine thirty-three on a Thursday. Emma Stone is singing on the screen. George pats the seat next to him. Dream complies, because there will never be a reason for him to refuse George.

When he sits, their legs press together, shoulders bumping, and George is always a little warm, despite his hands being so cold when they rarely brush against Dream's. It works, when the entirety of Dream runs all too warm, so accustomed to living in such warm weather that he has sunrays growing under his skin.

"That man is fine as hell," Sapnap says when Ryan Gosling enters the frame, eyes glued to the screen.

“Oh my God,” George begins, leaning a little into Dream and offering his hand. Dream easily accepts. “Sus-nap.”

“Look, man, no shame in admitting it,” he states, bringing up his hands in defense. “I’m straight and all, but if Ryan fucking *Gosling* shows up on my front door? Of course I’m getting on my knees and -”

“*Sapnap*,” Dream interrupts, joining in when Sapnap starts to giggle. He can feel George’s entire body shift when he laughs as well, his shoulders shaking against his own, and a surge of warmth, hotter than the sun and not all that unwelcomed taking over his chest.

He doesn’t know if he would have preferred polite rejection over this, maybe anything else over the reciprocation of his touching, because it feeds the weed growing over his heart, the vines wrapping over and under themselves to strangle Dream’s bleeding heart, extending past veins and into his ribcage, lungs, and up his throat. He can’t breathe, sometimes, flowering vines and invasive weeds choking up his mouth and throat and leaving no room for air when they meet eyes.

Do you find a reason to touch them?

Dream turns to George as the latter still laughs, and his hands ache to press his fingers against George’s lips and remember his happiness by touch, remember it by sound and sight and bathe in it better than sunlight. He settles for lightly squeezing George’s hand in his.

George turns to Dream, laughter receding, and he smiles, wide and bright and everything like the sun. Another flower blooms.

Dream - might be dying.

“Listen, all I’m saying is, in the case of the apocalypse, only two of us are realistically surviving,” Sapnap says on a Saturday night, and is met with immediate protests.

“Just because you’re a fucking *Chad* doesn’t mean you’re surviving, pal,” Quackity responds. He’s a little too defensive when he mentions, “Do you even know how to cook? How the fuck are you going to eat?”

“I don’t - listen, I don’t need to cook,” Sapnap defends over everyone else’s laughter, “I’m fine with eating canned beans for the rest of my life.”

“Canned *beans*?” George repeats, disgust evident in his voice over the Discord call. “For the rest of eternity? I think I’d rather die.”

Dream hums as he leans forward, chair squeaking with the action when he speaks into the microphone, “I think you *would* die if you ate canned beans every day, and nothing else. Your insides would turn to mush and stop working, and then you’d just drop dead.”

“Instead just don’t,” Karl suggests, like it’s obvious, and maybe it is.

Discord calls had never felt odd when Sapnap had first moved in, because despite living together, they never *lived* together, and instead stuck to acting like they still lived miles away, only really seeing each other during dinners. When talking to the rest of their friend group during a Jackbox stream, it never felt odd. It shouldn’t feel odd.

But it did feel odd when George was only a few steps away. His room feels uncomfortably empty

when compared to the times when the former would simply barge into his room, collapse onto his bed and sometimes drag Sapnap behind him. His room feels empty, despite it being *Dream's* room. The call feels odd. He feels odd. George is only a few rooms away. He's being ridiculous.

"Did Dream leave?" Quackity asks suddenly, after Sapnap's laughter fades from the inertia of a past joke.

"What? No, I'm right here," Dream responds, being reminded that he was in the middle of a *stream*, and quickly types in his answers, thirty seconds left on the clock.

"You've been silent for the past, like, hour," Karl points out, and Dream tries to shove down the feeling that everyone knew what he was thinking about.

"I was thinking about my answers," he lies, "which are amazing, by the way."

Karl giggles before he declares, "Calling it right now, at least one of them is gonna be about piss."

"Why would you say that," Dream says, and hurriedly presses backspace on his current answer for absolutely no related reason.

The rest of them laugh, loud and contagious. Dream can hear George's quiet chuckle underneath it all, his laughter always the most noticeable, and Dream is trying not to smile when his mind startlingly supplies, *I love him*.

It's easy to say, like it usually is. He ignores the odd weight it puts on his heart, the way the words tangle round the muscle, and the way it holds him in a chokehold and squeezes, squeezes, squeezes.

The rest of the stream flies by in the manner it usually does, their viewers trending things unintentionally, Quackity and George both making and falling for *deez nuts* jokes, Sapnap and Karl threatening to kiss almost everyone consistently, and Dream losing a bit of his sanity. They bid goodbye easily, tired and worn out.

Dream leans back in his chair when he disconnects from the call, head aching a little from the chaos that comes from his friends, and he debates sleeping a little earlier than he usually does. His limbs feel a little numb, and he shuffles over to his bed.

He groans when his phone buzzes.

George

Hello

It's odd how fast Dream seems to wake up.

me

hi

George

Come here

me

why

It's when a good few minutes pass that it grows apparent that Dream wouldn't be receiving an answer, he heaves himself out of bed, dragging himself and his comforter onto the floor in the

process. He tucks his phone into his hoodie, and trudges over to the door.

The hallway is quiet as he pads over to George's room, all the way across the house. He has no clue what George could be asking for in the middle of the night.

When he swings open the door, the light in the room sparse besides the blue glow of George's computer screen, the default desktop picture sitting on display, and George sits in front of it, legs brought up to his chest as he scrolls through TikTok, some sort of song playing quietly from his phone.

"Hello," Dream says to signify the fact that he had entered, and George swivels around in his chair like a bad movie villain. He feels a lot of himself fall apart when George smiles.

"Hello," he echoes back, his voice teasing when his eyes land on Dream's awkward stance. "Why are you standing like that?"

Dream lets his shoulders go loose, and he throws a joking glare at George. "I didn't come here to be attacked like this." He moves over to the bed, the covers in a disregarded mess, but he doesn't mind; it reminds him a lot of their calls from before, an unmade bed in the background of George's room while he had his camera on. "Why'd you call me?"

So much of his heart cracks when George says, "I don't know. I just wanted you here."

He swallows. "Oh."

George gets up from his chair, stretching. "But since you're here, chess?"

Dream nods. "Sure, if you want."

"I do want," he responds. Dream watches as George retrieves the chess set that he had bought a few weeks after George had first moved it, when the latter insisted on playing chess in real life for once, after years of playing over the internet. It's a cheap, plastic one that they'd bought from a Dollar Tree. They keep forgetting to get a better one.

The sort of silence that is their own follows as they set up the board. Dream sets up his pieces while George carefully lines up the pawns, nudging them into place. His hands are gentle when they do so. Dream wants to hold them.

George's white pawn goes first. Dream's own piece follows. He wonders what Sapnap is up to.

The first game is uneventful, and maybe there would be potential for the round to be much more tense than it is, with Dream forgetting to pay *attention* and instead staring at George's face while he considers his next move.

It isn't quite his fault if he keeps staring; he looks nothing less than captivating, the small, barely-there line between his brows, the slight frown, how his lower lips grows raw and red as he worries it under white teeth, his eyes deep and dark as they look down at the board. Concentration on George looks like a masterpiece.

He moves his rook. Dream moves his bishop.

"Again," George insists when Dream calls checkmate.

"You're going to lose again," he warns, and is hit with a discarded pawn.

They set their pieces up again. They play.

George wins.

“You’re so *bad*,” he jeers, despite the fact Dream had won the former game, but Dream can’t find it in him to refute, rolling his eyes as George cheers his own victory.

Happiness looks wonderful on George, with his wide smile and cheeks pink. He is the sun when he grows confident, warm in all of his being and shining eyes. His fingers are nimble as they retrieve his pawns back to the board, and the other hand raises to brush away his hair. He looks so home-like.

Dream can’t stop himself from thinking, *I’m a little in love with you*.

The words are not as heavy as he would have assumed, but still big when he swallows them down, and instead moves a pawn.

I’m a little in love with you. I’m on my way to being in love with you. They leave his mind a little fuzzy, giddy at finally being able to admit it, even if George was sitting across from him, entirely oblivious to Dream’s internal confessions while he steals Dream’s pawn.

I’m a little in love with George. George, I’m a little in love with you, Dream thinks, staring at said man, and he can’t look away, even when it’s his turn. He moves another pawn blindly.

It was not the sort of revelation intended for the middle of a chess game, but love has never been convenient - especially not when it’s George, who Dream would twist and turn for. He didn’t mind finding out he was in love at a time like this, if it was George he was in love with. He wouldn’t mind a lot of things for George.

I’m a little in love with you, he thinks again, and this is a little dangerous, repeating the words in his mind over and over again like this. They might accidentally spill out, and many knew of Dream’s brain-to-mouth filter, or lack of, rather. He presses his lips together.

On your way to being in love with your best friend, that godforsaken quiz had said. *A little in love*. Dream suddenly disagrees.

He places his queen diagonally from George’s king.

"George," he says, with the intent of pointing out the check, and George is already looking at him when he does so, and it makes Dream feel a little bit lightheaded.

I’m in love with you.

George raises an eyebrow. "Yeah?"

“You,” he begins, and abruptly loses his voice when he thinks about the confession threatening to leave his mouth. It’s poorly placed on his tongue, George sitting right in front of him, and despite only a chessboard being between them, he feels miles apart, yet too close to breathe.

George is still looking at him.

I’m a little in love with you, he wants to say, so badly. *I’m a little in love with you. I’m in love with you. I’m so in love with you, you have no idea.* He only came to the proper realization a few minutes ago, and he needs to tell George immediately. He already tells George everything. This is no different.

“Check,” he says instead, reeling in the other words. Two a.m. maybe wasn’t the best time for a love confession. There were so many reasons now would not be the best time for a love confession.

There is a silence that settles shortly after, when George doesn’t respond and instead places a bishop between his king and Dream’s queen, and then he looks up, waiting, and the words keep clumping together in Dream’s throat.

I’m in love with you. I love you, I love you, I’m in love with you.

Three moves pass. Dream blindly places his king to the right.

George grins when he says, “Check.”

“I’m in love with you,” Dream blurts out, because he’s never been one for perfect timing, bishop in one hand, heart in the other. “A lot. I love you - so much.”

There’s an odd mixture of dread and relief that follows; relief in the deflation of his nerves, sad little balloons that had been filled with the restraint of barely holding back a confession, and the dread of George finally *knowing*. The humiliating awareness of him being in love.

George stills when he moves to tip over Dream’s king, hand close enough to touch, where his fingers are wrapped around his rook.

“A love confession won’t save you now,” he says with a slight smile, and knocks over Dream’s king. “Checkmate.” When they both watch the king topple over and roll off the board, Dream thinks it resonates a little, how easily George tilts Dream’s life sideways.

Dream’s bishop drops out of his hand. “I just confessed my love to you, and you call checkmate.”

“You have terrible timing,” George shrugs, and just because it’s true does not mean he has to say it. “Go again?”

Dream’s mouth falls open. “You - are we not going to talk about it?”

George shrugs as he begins to place the pieces back. “What is there to say?”

“I - I don’t know,” Dream flounders, a little lost and a lot flustered with the way George was looking at him. He looks so close yet slightly unreal, baffling when he’s just sitting on his bed, in the pink shirt he wears so often and pajama bottoms. “Maybe if you, like, I don’t know, feel the same? I don’t know.”

Dream hopes he does.

Do you think your best friend is in love with you?

That stupid quiz was haunting him.

“Oh,” George looks surprised, pausing to meet Dream’s eyes when he places a pawn down. His voice is softer when he says, “I do. I thought you knew.”

Dream buffers. “What do you *mean* you thought I knew? How would I know?”

George makes a sound as if to say *I don’t know*. “I just thought it was obvious.”

“You were not obvious. At all,” Dream protests, throwing a chess piece at him. George throws one

back.

"I let you hold my hand," he mentions.

"Friends hold hands all the time!"

George gives him a look. "I have never held Sapnap's hand. Or anyone else's."

Dream's mouth clicks shut. "Okay, but." He, unfortunately, cannot argue with that.

"There is no 'but'," George concludes, rolling his eyes when Dream giggles. "You're just an idiot."

He grins. "You like me."

George begins placing back the chess pieces, and seems unphased when he says, "I do."

A flurry of giddiness is sent straight to Dream chest, and with the way his heart is beating, he feels he might just die. George had said it so casually, so easily - like loving Dream is the easiest thing he does, and the idea that it is has him so undeniably warm. He is falling apart.

"Oh," he says a little dumbly. "Okay. That - that's good. I'm glad."

George raises an eyebrow, looking ridiculously good when he slightly smiles and says, "Yeah?"

"Yeah," Dream nods, a tornado in his stomach. He can feel his dinner swirling around in there. "If you didn't, this would've been really awkward, since we, you know. Live together."

George cracks a smile, shaking his head, and his hair falling into his eyes. Dream's hand twitches to fix it. "You're a dumbass. What would you have done then?" George brings up a hand as he says so, doing a poor job of getting his hair out of the way.

Dream doesn't resist when his fingers reach up to fix it for him, George freezing and flushes in place when his fingers gently brush his hair away. It's a little awkward, leaning over the chessboard like he is, but he doesn't mind.

"I don't know," he replies, voice coming out softer than he intended. He goes pink when he thinks about how close they are, and tries very, very hard not to look at George's lips.

He fails. They curl into a smile, and Dream looks up to meet George's eyes. "What is it?" He inquires, looking entirely smug.

"Nothing," Dream chokes out, having been caught. He moves his hand away, pushing against the bed to keep him up, and he would move away if George wasn't staring at him like that, pinning him in place. "I was just," he says, before trailing off. *I was just wondering if I could kiss you* did not seem very appropriate at the moment.

George seems to know anyway, a hand brought up to gingerly hold Dream's jaw, his thumb pressed against his chin. "Dream," he says, and the way George says his name almost breaks him.

"George," he returns, carefully frozen in place.

"What are you thinking about right now?" He asks, teasing like he always is.

Dream's cheeks grow darker, he's sure of it. "Wouldn't you like to know," he says instead, refusing to embarrass himself any further. *Do you think about kissing your best friend*, he vaguely

remembers, and suddenly wishes he had temporary amnesia.

George tilts his head. "That is why I asked, yes."

"It depends," Dream swallows, "if you feel the same."

"I probably do," he responds, gentle when he looks at Dream. George looks brilliant, even in the dark glow of nothing more than his computer screen, slightly blue and his skin is washed paler than it already is. He looks like the night. He looks beautiful.

Dream's heart threatens to implode. "I was thinking about kissing you."

Despite asking for it, George blushes dark. "You're an idiot." There is a pause, before he slightly nudges Dream with his free hand. "You should do it."

"You've called me an idiot three times now," Dream points out, and then kisses him.

George makes some sort of noise into his mouth, unexpectant, and Dream nearly tips under and onto the chessboard with how George pushes into him, eager and excitable and everything Dream likes about him so, so much.

He tastes a little bit like the cereal he had been brutally chewing into the mic earlier, and a little bit just like himself, and George is gentle where he holds Dream, like he's afraid he might break him, and Dream thinks he just might.

In the dark sea of George's room, Dream kisses him like a drowning man. George's fingers press against his jaw, firm and cool against his skin, and Dream leans in close, closer than he should with a set-up chess board underneath him, and it's proven when he moves his knee, the chess pieces tipping and spilling over with the board.

His arms hurt a little from holding him up for so long, but all on his mind is *George*, the way he pushes back, bites, holds Dream delicately yet steady, gentle like he is with everything else. It's less chaste than he would have expected, more desperate and pushing, despite the light hold George has on him.

"That's because you are an idiot," George practically breathes, leaning away, and Dream wants to kiss him again, with the way his lips are slick with spit and his cheeks pink. He wonders how pink George could turn, kiss him until his lips are red and worn and so evident of someone loving him so deeply like Dream does.

"I am very smart and intelligent," Dream responds instead, confident in his words.

"You tipped over the board," George points out.

"No, I didn't," Dream states, unmoving where his knee is still on the board, covered in chess pieces. George lets out a small laugh, and Dream leans away before he tries to dip back in to kiss him.

"You're ridiculous."

Dream grins. "You're in love with me."

George doesn't deny it when he falls silent, instead settling to tug Dream closer, toppling him over until he's nearly lying on top of him, wiggling to lie next to him. They're close, thigh against thigh and Dream's face against George's neck, but it never feels close enough. "You lied, by the way."

Dream's brows furrow. He's sure George feels it, with the little giggle he lets out. "What do you mean?"

"That one quiz from months ago," he mentions, and Dream tries to curl into George and disappear. "You took it and it asked if you ever thought about kissing me. You said no."

"Well, *yeah*, because I didn't want to confess that I think about kissing you in front of thousands of people," Dream groans, trying to suppress his own smile when he feels George laugh against him.

"You practically did, with how slow you were to say no." George runs a hand through his hair, fingers dragging against his scalp. Dream's eyes flutter shut.

"I was hoping you forgot about it."

"I didn't."

"I wish you did," he mutters. "That quiz has been haunting me for months."

George hums, and Dream can feel it when he pulls him closer. "Good. You were a dumbass for taking that test in front of everyone, you know."

"I *know*, but you don't have to say it," he whines.

George giggles lightly, bright and summery. "I will. I won't let you forget it."

"You're insufferable." Dream loves him.

"You should kiss me again," George muses, and Dream tilts his head up to look at him.

"Let me think about it," he replies, pretending to ponder on it while George pokes at his cheek. A good five seconds pass, until the latter grows impatient.

"Have you thought about it?" He asks, and Dream barely refrains from smiling at George's expectant expression.

Dream pulls George down to meet eye to eye. "Yeah," he whispers, and falls a little more in love when George grins.

Do you think you're in love with your best friend?

With George so close, Dream doesn't need a stupid quiz to tell him he was in love with him.

Chapter End Notes

!!! the wonderful ari made [a few doodles](#) of the fic !!! :D give them all the praise pls !!!

- ari : [twi](#) / [tumblr](#) / [instagram](#)

[i have made a twitter account](#) (which i made a few days ago !!) if anyone would be interested !!!!! maybe say hello so we can be friends ? :D

this was very fun and i do hope everyone liked it C: let me know what u think !!! and since summer is here , i do hope to write tons more !!! and hopefully u see me soon again :)

as always, feel free to comment, kudos, and u can see me [here](#) or [here!](#)
thank u so much for reading !

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!